AS I WALKED BACK FROM THE BOILER ROOM, I TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL.
SURE, NONE OF US HAD AN EASY TIME ADJUSTING TO THINGS HERE. AND IT WAS ONLY THE NEW GIRL'S--
CICI'S
--CICI'S THIRD DAY.
Scribble

BUT WRITING OFF HER CLAIMS AS HYSTERIA-
I SAID SLEEP DEPRIVATION! OR LACK OF FOOD!
WHATEVER CONVENTIONAL EXPLANATION, THINGS WEREN'T ADDING UP.
HOW?!
Fwip!
Fwip!

AND JUST WHO WAS THIS TOM CHARACTER?
SOME KID IN A BLANKET.
- I TRIED TO CONVINCE MYSELF.
IF I SAY YES TO THE NOIR PLAY, WILL YOU STOP DOING THIS?

BUT THAT QUINN DAME WAS INSISTENT!
"DAME"?
MY HEAD WAS TELLING ME THAT TOM WAS REAL!
OR HE'S YOUR ALTER EGO STEALING SCHOOL SUPPLIES FROM THE FACULTY CLOSET.
AND EVEN MY HEAD KNEW THAT IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU MEET A SLENDER, DARK-EYED GAL WITH A PASSION FOR THE ARTS AND A BRAIN TO MATCH.
I'M QUITTING YOUR STUPID DRAMA CLUB!

THERE'S NO QUITTING THE DRAMA CLUB. ONCE YOU'RE IN, YOU'RE IN. PLUS IT EXEMPTS YOU FROM THE ENGLISH MID-TERM.
IT DOES?!
IT WILL IF WE GET ACCREDITED.
OH! THERE'S DEMI! I GOTTA GIVE HER OUR ATTENDENCE SHEET. I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE CABIN!
Notes to Self: Dispose of Evidence

WRITE DOWN ANYTHING ELSE CICI SAYS ABOUT THE SUPERNATURAL!
Push
GOOD MORROW, FAIR MAIDEN! I HAVE A PARCHMENT FOR THEE!
zip
slide